

TAMPA.

The editor of this paper has recently returned from a business trip to Tampa.

Everything down there is moving along with a delightful swiftness.

The orange trees are in full bloom and present the attractive appearance that formerly made this county so famous for its beauty and its wealth.

The ground is also yielding rich returns to the vegetable growers. Those who are growing celery are reaping rich returns for their labor, and those who are picking the modest strawberry are not very far behind; and every year their pocket books are expanding more and more.

When we say that even the newspapers in Tampa are making money and growing rich perhaps we need say no more. But this is a fact.

The Tribune editor, who by the way is one of the rising journalists of Florida, went to Tampa not many years ago \$700 in debt. He now owns a bank account that in the earlier days of journalism would have made Benjamin Franklin, the elder Bennett and Horace Greeley feel like they were millionaires.

Mr. Stovall has a complete modern newspaper outfit, folding machines, electric motors, linotype machines and all. Just the other day Mr. Stovall printed what he called a "proclamation edition," and struck off thirty-three thousand, and did not attend it with any blowing of horns, and regarded it simply as a matter of course, just a part of the every day proceedings. This shows something of his push, pluck and enterprise.

Mr. Frank Walpole, who made such a splendid success with the Palmetto News, is now editor-in-chief of the Tampa Daily Herald, and is full of hope for the future. He has ordered a linotype setting machine and is going to take the full Associated Press dispatches, and is going to give the people of Tampa an up-to-date newspaper along all lines, and one that will make his contemporaries hustle to keep up with.

We regret that our time was so limited that we failed to pay our respects to the Times. It is also enjoying a full share of prosperity. It is one of the oldest papers in Tampa and is in line with the "old timers," and is keeping up with the rapid procession of events that are every day transpiring in that city.

Tampa is full of politics, and as Mr. McNamee has said, promises to become the storm center.

The labor men are organized into a league and it is said will vote as a unit, and this vote will be a large factor in political affairs in Hillsborough county.

We had a most pleasant trip, and are under obligations to many friends for social courtesies.

Politics in the First District.

The Tallahassee correspondent to the Savannah News gives the following bit of political gossip concerning the first district of Florida.

"Opposition to the Hon. S. M. Sparkman, Congressman from the First District, I regret to say, seems rapidly developing in the immediate vicinity of the great Cigar City of the Land of Flowers. The regrets, however, are not for Mr. Sparkman. They are for those who are amusing themselves by putting up the pins against him. They will, when too

late, find that they have run up against the hardest proposition of their lives. The state has never seen a more adroit and resourceful politician than Steve Sparkman. Too many of the traits that go to form that most evanescent and iridescent of dreams known as 'popularity,' he unites the solidity of the statesman, the trained faculty of the well-equipped lawyer and the mental equipoise of the man of the world, who is seldom at a loss, and who therefore, seldom loses. It is to the ranks of the disaffected and disgruntled—the lame, the halt and the blind of the political arena—that the opposition to Mr. Sparkman must look for recruits. There is hardly a able-bodied candidate among them. They are however, said to have a paper of their own in Tampa, which may, on the whole, prove a doubtful boon. Mr. Sparkman will go back to Congress, if he runs, instead of running after the Senatorial bee that he has been charged with harboring in his bonnet."

Malarial poison, chills and fever are positively cured by using Robert's Chill Tonic. 25cts, your money back if it fails. Wm. Anderson.

A Man With a Big Imagination.

"I'd rather be wrecked in the middle of the Atlantic ocean than in the Oklawaha river of Florida," remarked Mr. A. G. Edgitt, of Brandford, Pa., who is a guest at the Ebbitt House. "We traveled for more than 100 miles along the stream, and at no time were in sight of good solid earth. The river is hemmed in by swamps, which are heavily wooded and alive with snakes, alligators, lizards, and all sorts of creeping things. If a man were to be thrown into the stream he might find refuge on a log somewhere, but even the possession of that would be disputed by snakes and alligators."

"While traveling along the Oklawaha it is hard to tell whether the excursion boat was made for the river or whether the river was made for the boat. All along the stream the branches of the trees touch the boat, and the channel is so narrow that a slight mistake on the part of the crew would cause a terrible collision with the enormous trees. At Silver Springs a launch had killed a sea cow, a sort of fish which abounds in the river. It took twenty men to pull the great fish out of the water. It was twelve feet long, and measured ten feet about the thickest part of its body. All the other creatures which thrive in the stream seem to approach the sea cow in size, so you can imagine how a man would hate to take a plunge in water which is live with such a lot of monsters."—Washington Post

Watterson and the Flag.

"I am something of a jingo myself. I believe in the expanding greatness and glory of my country. I never see the flag floating above the dome on yonder capitol that my heart does not throb with the proud, glad thought—that my eyes do not fill with happy exultant tears—that I, too, am an American citizen. God bless the flag, and God bless the boys that fight beneath it. I would carry it inviolate. I would keep it spotless."

Patrick has been found guilty of the murder of Rice, and will die in the electric chair.

GEN. MILES HAS LEARNED.

General Miles is scarcely less a popular idol with the masses of the American people than Admiral Schley. Being rebuked by President Roosevelt and sat down upon by Secretary of War Root has tended in no way to lessen his popularity.

It may be remembered that it fell to General Miles' lot to be in command at Fortress Monroe at the time that ex-President Jefferson Davis, the Confederate chieftan, was in prison there, and he placed shackles upon his distinguished prisoner.

Of course, this indignity was severely resented by the south at the time and it is still a sore spot in her memory, and, for that matter, will perhaps ever remain so.

General Miles was bluntly reminded of this fact by Representative Rixey, of Virginia, not long since. Representative Rixey is reported to have said: "So you, General Miles, are the man who put handcuffs upon Jefferson Davis?" "Yes," replied the general, with great suavity, "but you must remember that I was a very young man at that time. I am older now and know a good deal more than I did then."

The Associated Press says that Mr. Rixey left very much pleased. There are incidents in the lives of most men that they would like very much to get rid of.

As revered as is the life of Light Horse Harry Lee there was an incident in his life that he very much regretted and which his enemies relentlessly and continuously reminded him of.

When quite a young man he applied to become stamp collector under the British government in Virginia. This position afterwards became exceedingly unpopular, especially after throwing the tea overboard in the Boston harbor on account of the Stamp Act.

Gen. Lee was a very young man at the time he made his application, and although he was fully exculpated by the Virginia assembly and by the many acts of kindness on the part of partisans and friends during the Revolutionary war, he would much rather have preferred that this incident could have been blotted out of his life.

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Civilization!

This is not Captain Jan Kreige, who recently delivered an address at the opera house in this city, speaking, but is the stately and courteous Washington Post which is so conservative that it refuses to proclaim itself either a democratic or a republican journal.

"Rhodes was a monster. He slept through the crises he himself precipitated. He slept as Negro, Tribesman, Commodus slept. The blood of his victims drugged him. Their cries and groans were lullabies. And so, at last, the fumes of the shambles grew so strong and the lamentations of the dying so intolerable, he fell into that sleep from which there is no waking. Civilization? Look across the desolate veldts of the Transvaal the Orange Free State; behold the ashes and the whitening bones, the desecrated hearths, the ruined homes, the devilish theater upon the boards of which the tragedies of Rhodes' making were enacted—look there for your civilization and revel in it if you can!"

Married.

Mr. Joshua C. Geiger, of this city, and Miss Flora M. Stevens, of Fort McCoy, were married at the residence of the bride's father, last Sunday, by Rev. P. J. Reeves, of Spring Park. They will make Ocala their home. Monday night they were given a military salute by the Ocala Rifles, of which Mr. Geiger is a member.

The Velvet Bean Fad.

According to the Ocala daily papers that city is erecting a city wall in the shape of a velvet bean hedge. They have "got it bad" down there.—Gainesville Sun.

HOW THE EVENING STAR CLOSED DOWN

By ALEXANDER BRUCE

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Up in the dingy office of the Evening Star Patrick Ryan, the bookkeeper, was reading a letter. He smiled brightly, for the writer was his promised wife.

Down in the underground chamber of the mine sat David Grafton, the manager. He, too, was reading a letter, and his face grew black as thunder. He peered closer and closer to the typewritten sheet, as though he could scarce believe his eyes. The room was lighted by candles in miners' sharp pointed candlesticks, and stray puffs of air made them flicker badly.

"Jack," he cried sharply, "Haggart writes that the output must be doubled or the mine closes down."

That was the truth, but not the whole truth. It was the bluff with which he had decided to win Jack over to his side.

"What's that you say?" answered Jack, a bearded Cornishman. He was down on his knees connecting a red pipe with a diamond drill set at last at the face of the rock.

"The output must be doubled or the mine closes down," repeated Grafton, a higher key.

"Can't do it. It ain't in the Evening Star to twinkle that bright."

"But it's in the Busy Bee. Our private borings show it," whispered Grafton.

Jack wasn't surprised at the speech. He knew Grafton well, had worked with him for years, so he swung round on his knees and leered: "Going to steal? Eh?"

The manager flushed crimson.

"We're just taking a loan. If we don't, the entire bank of cash we've thrown into this cursed hole is gone, and," as a parting shot, "your lungs go with it."

The old man was silent. A nervous twitching of the mouth betrayed his excitement, and his hands trembled as he stretched out to untie the red handkerchief in the can beside him. He pulled out a sandwich and began munching at it. Grafton rose and stood looking at him sheepishly. Neither spoke for a time.

The nine hundred foot level of the Evening Star had been run a hundred feet westward from the main shaft, timbered up solid like a tunnel all the way. Beyond was the underground room where the manager and the drill hand were working. Then came five feet of solid rock, yet unexcavated, inside the boundary line of the mine. Beyond that every inch of rock belonged to the Widow Balrd.

The late owner of the Busy Bee had sunk a shaft and followed the loadstar lode westward with indifferent success, while all unknown to him in the eastern portion of his mine bounded by the Evening Star lay tons of the wealth which makes men mad. Year after year of heavy expenditure, poor returns and a superabundance of litigation had disheartened him, so the Busy Bee closed down. Shortly afterward Balrd died. It was said that disappointment had crushed him. Grafton had been the deceased's intimate companion and one of the experts whose advice Balrd had relied upon. Knowing the widow's low financial state, he assured Haggart, "We can buy the mine for a song."

The Evening Star was completely played out. No one knew that better than Grafton. He was drawing a princely salary for his work, and the monthly reports to the owner had been couched in grandiloquent language, but the latter's eyes were open at last. Grafton had approached the widow with a miserly offer and was staggered at the reply, "The mine is not for sale." He knew the woman had nothing. Her daughter's beggarly earnings as a milliner could not keep them both and pay rent and taxes besides. Some one was doing it, and the manager swore roundly at the unknown benefactor.

When the Cornishman finished his scanty lunch, he began leisurely oiling the drill bearings. Grafton stood superintending.

"You're not with us, then, Jack?"

"I'm not saying I'm not," was the sharp reply.

Grafton grinned. He knew from that the man would be easily bribed, so he let the matter rest.

"You'll be on till 6, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. If Ryan comes down when I'm gone, don't let him in here. We don't want him longer. It's as well not to let him see the position of the drill."

"Aye, aye," muttered Jack. The manager seized a candle and hurried along the level to the shaft and entered the cage, which came swinging up to the surface. He had an uncomfortable task to perform and made straight for the office. Ryan saw him coming and crushed the love letter in his pocket.

"Morning," said Grafton gloomily. The bookkeeper cheerfully acknowledged the half hearted salutation. He had been an exemplary clerk, and the manager felt it necessary to screw up his courage under cover of a pretended search. He pulled out letter books, ledgers, anything he could lay his hands on, and unlocked a small private drawer, drew out a file of papers and began fumbling among them. A small blue print slipped out and fell unnoticed on the floor. At last he closed the drawer with a bang and turned round abruptly.

"We don't need your services longer, Ryan. Here's your check. Leave the

keys on the desk. I'll get them when I return."

He glanced at his watch, muttered "Eleven twenty-five" and walked out. Ryan, stunned, stood staring at the check. He had been engaged on a week's notice, and the extra salary was included. How was he to help Mary and her mother now? He had been lending them half his salary to enable them to hold on to their mine. Positions were scarce in this section of the country, and his spirits sank low. What would Mary think of it? Mary was the "beggarly milliner."

He began slowly to replace the books which littered the floor. The blue print lay between a tattered ledger and a letter book. He picked it up and turned it over.

"What's this?" It was a private chart showing the borings through the boundary to the Busy Bee, and the assays averaged \$200 per ton. Ryan whistled softly, slipped the paper in his pocket, closed the safe and tossed the keys on the desk. Grafton had taken the south road to Ripple, and Pat didn't want to meet him, so he climbed the dump on the north side of the shaft and hurried down the hill. A whistle tooted up the canyon.

"That must be the 11:45."

He rushed down the rocky pathway, climbing boulders, dodging spruce stumps, sliding on the dry pine needles, until he reached the depot.

"Going to Dunton, Mr. Ryan?" drawled the station agent.

"Yes," gulped Pat breathlessly.

The man pushed down the signal lever, and the roar of the incoming train lessened as it swung round the bend, slowed down and stopped. Pat jumped in, the conductor raised the green flag, the locomotive snorted loudly, and the glittering tracks shot out from beneath.

Up on the miners' ridge a man was running, waving frantically. Pat recognized him, but the 11:45 thundered on through the canyon.

At Dunton depot two hours later Pat met Cuthbert, the chief telegraph operator.

"Hello, Ryan! Business brisk at the mine?"

"Nothing doing at all; just been fired."

"Want a job, then? Burke quit this morning. Come right over now. And the affable operator grabbed Pat's arm and led him into the office.

Ryan understood the work. He had served his time on the Western Union. He thanked Cuthbert, threw off his jacket and sat down before the machine. Tick-tick! A message was claiming interpretation:

Haggart, Boston Block, Dunton: Excavations in western section start immediately.

Pat knew the western section to be worthless. The blue print and the telegram confirmed his suspicions—Grafton was going to steal. On the stroke of 6 he boarded a car at the office car and got off at a milliner's store.

He had scarcely released the spring doors when a girl's voice cried "Patsy!" and a pair of soft arms were round his neck, pulling his head forward and down on the artificial violets on the counter.

The greetings over, Mary surprised him with unexpected news.

"Mother's just had a proposal, Patsy. The gentleman comes for his answer tonight."

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Grafton."

"What?" gasped Ryan. Now he understood why the man waved so frantically. Heavens! If he had caught the train, there would have been no telegram; he'd have arrived here ahead of me, thought Pat.

Next afternoon Grafton called on the widow, but he did not stay long. Later he boarded the Santa Fe for the Pacific coast, and Haggart never saw him again.

In the underground chamber of the Evening Star the black diamonds had pierced through fourteen feet of solid rock, and the rich vein of the Busy Bee showed up richer every foot. The machine was still droning noisily when Ryan and his attorney entered.

"Stop that drill!" shouted Ryan.

Jack sprang up.

"You can't come in here; Grafton's orders," he roared.

"You're not likely to take further orders from Grafton," said Ryan quietly.

The Cornishman's face went white.

"What—d'you—mean?" he stammered.

"I mean the game's up," answered Ryan.

Jack stopped the drill, and the Evening Star closed down.

It was in a western hotel. A bellboy was sent to Colonel William Greene Sterett's room to ascertain what urgent need had impelled that gentleman to push the button. He entered and found the colonel deeply immersed in a friendly game with some chosen spirits.

"Did you ring, sah?" he deferentially inquired.

"Yes," said Colonel Sterett, deftly hurling two unpromising pasteboards into the discard. "We want you to bring us some whisky. My friends here will take Scotch, and mine is rye."

"Yes, sah," said the boy, turning to go.

"And after you have brought us the whisky," continued Colonel Sterett, arresting his flight, "turn in a fire alarm. Some one in the next room has set the place afire."—New York Times.

Sweet Charity. Mrs. Gossippe—It is a positive shame to see how poorly Mrs. Charitee clothes her children.

Mrs. Clubb—But you must not forget, my dear, that her time is so much taken up with noble stum work that she has no time to look after them.—Ohio State Journal.



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